THE PLIGHT OF THE IRISH

—Gary MacEoin

THE

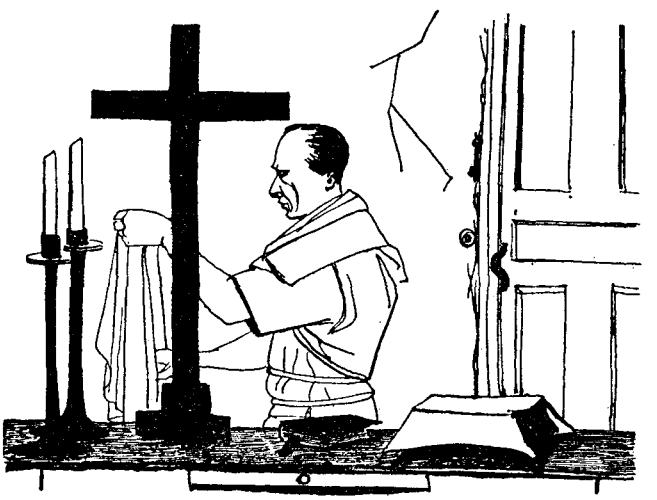
Commonweal

The Worker-Priests

by Robert Barrat

and

Gunnar D. Kumlien



"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem..."

by John Cogley

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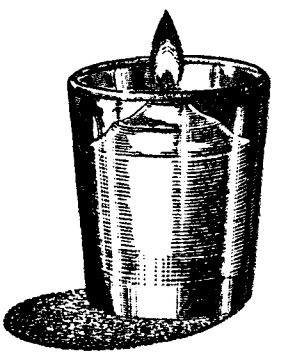

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

THE POPE'S MESSAGE

POPE Pius XII, as he reveals himself in his frequent public statements, seems to be "obsessed with the unity of mankind," as a French theologian once said of the Gospels. In speech after speech the Holy Father has urged men to join together and work together to solve the problems bedeviling the modern world. There are Catholics, in this country and abroad, for whom the Pope's insistence on the world's political, social and economic interdependence is an obvious embarrassment. They have tried again and again to reduce the Papal message on these matters to a collection of Utopian aspirations or fairly meaningless platitudes. But increasingly the Holy Father has made it clear that he is not speaking of some distant unity, which will come only when all the world is converted to righteousness, but is urging peoples and governments to march hand in hand now, in the obviously imperfect, far-from-ideal present.

In his recent speech to the Italian Catholic Jurists, for instance, the Pope said he is "confident that the international community can banish every danger of war and establish the peace, and, as far as the Church is concerned, can guarantee to her freedom of action everywhere." Such a community of nations, in the Pope's view, will be made up of member states "divided into those that are Christian, non-Christian, indifferent to religion or consciously without it, or even professed atheists"—in other words, not the world Pius XII would like, but the world as it truly is at the present time. This is a long way from the dreamy conditions certain Catholic spokesmen for isolationism demand before they see any hope of applying the Pope's teachings to the concrete world order. But it is representative of the kind of practical, realistic leadership being offered by the Vatican these days.

A good example of the Holy Father's "realistic" approach to world problems is to be found in his most recent Christmas message. (Too often "realism" is equated with cynicism, but in the case of the modern Holy See realism is clearly based on faith in Providence and a desire to translate idealism into solid reality.) The Pope spoke unmistakably of the need for forming some kind of European union and then added: "If anyone asks in advance for an absolute guarantee of success, the answer is that there *is* a risk, but a necessary one; a risk, but in keeping with present possibilities a reasonable risk. . . . To demand absolute certainty is to fail in goodwill toward Europe."

THE fact that the Holy Father is preeminently "realistic," in the noble sense, does not still his voice from proclaiming the timeless truths of Christianity. As befits one whom millions of all nations call Holy Father, the Pope steers a sure, even course. He is not deflected by partisan passion and is always ready with stern fatherly warnings when even men of goodwill fix their gaze on lesser goods to the exclusion of the Summum Bonum, or fall into the most ancient of all human errors, namely, that there is no moral relationship between ends and means.

In his recent Christmas address, Pius XII warned the leaders of the West against the naive view that peace is anything less than what St. Augustine described as the "tranquillity of order." Peace, essentially, is a matter of rendering justice and promoting goodwill between men. It is not something that derives automatically from material progress or scientific advances, the Pope warned. However good these things are in themselves, they fail utterly if they are exalted to the status of false gods.

Today, the Pope said, "the materialistic idea of life threatens to become the rule of conduct of certain busy peace agents, and the mainspring of their peace-making policies. They think that the secret of their solution lies in bringing material prosperity to all nations through constant increase in productivity and in the standards of living. . . ." But, however desirable such a program is in itself and as an essential part of the peace-maker's role, it can be vitiated by confusing it with the "spiritual unity"

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and "moral dispositions" which alone will produce "secure and lasting peace."

"The present state of affairs will not improve unless all nations recognize the common spiritual and moral ends of humanity, unless they help each other to attain them, and, as a consequence, unless they mutually agree to oppose the cause of division reigning among them in the discrepancy of the standard of living and of productivity," the Pope pointed out.

Even in the atomic age, men remain human; if they foolishly depend on a mechanistic "peace" which will arise "autonomously" and "automatically" from scientific advances, they are making a great, and tragic, mistake. Here the Holy Father was repeating in essence the warnings uttered by several of his recent predecessors, who spoke out against the optimistic doctrine of evolutionary "progress" which so enraptured the men of the last century.

The Pope's warnings against the genteel materialism of overzealous scientists and global planners in our own midst cannot, in the light of his total writings, be construed as antipathy to such activities as the American Point Four plan or the UN's social-service projects. Just two weeks before he delivered his Christmas message, Pius XII told a group of UN Food and Agricultural Organization workers that "the eventuality of hunger is still haunting millions of human beings. . . . Pursuing the aims you have fixed for yourselves, you are no doubt realizing the intention dear to Him Who consecrated Himself to the salvation of humanity."

NEXT WEEK

ARCHBISHOP ROBERT E. LUCEY writes about migratory farm workers—citizens and aliens—in the American Southwest.

"More than two hundred thousand Mexican Nationals are brought into our country every year to work in agriculture because farmers and growers claim that they cannot get domestic workers to harvest the crops. The work is seasonal and the laborers must be available promptly to bring in the harvest. The Employment Service may not certify a shortage of labor unless sufficient domestic workers who are able, willing and qualified are not available at the time and place needed to perform the work. That word 'willing' is the key to the situation. If a substantial number of American agricultural laborers in a given area are not willing to work for starvation wages, they create a labor shortage in that area and alien workers may then be brought in."

A NEW IKE?

RECURRING reports from Washington in the past few weeks indicate that a significant change has taken place in the nation's political climate. By and large, this change centers around the person of President Eisenhower, who for months has tortured well-wishers and supporters by his apparent indecision on vital questions. So obvious has been this lack of leadership from Mr. Eisenhower that a whole crop of gibes has sprung up in Washington, like the widely circulated description of the Eisenhower Glide: "one step forward, one step to the side, two steps backward." But now Mr. Eisenhower has asserted his authority in several significant and promising ways.

Perhaps the President's unhesitating reaction to the attack by Senator McCarthy on his Administration's foreign policy marked the turning-point. After conferring with the President, Mr. Dulles stood up to Senator McCarthy, spelling out without equivocation the point that the nation's foreign policy would not and could not be carried on by measuring popular response to distorted and misleading appeals. Subsequently, Mr. Eisenhower went out of his way to make it quite clear that he stood firmly behind his Secretary of State in this matter. Unlike poor Mr. Stassen, this time Mr. Dulles was not left to make peace on whatever terms he could manage with the Secretary of State from Wisconsin.

Then there arose the question of a Republican legislative program. The most dedicated partisan would be hard-pressed to find much that was accomplished the last time Congress met. Now Mr. Eisenhower has made quite plain his conviction that the Republican Party will not deserve victory at the polls this year if it does not enact a positive legislative program. To achieve this end, he took the lead in a vigorous and heartening fashion, indicating for GOP Congressional leaders exactly what he has in mind by means of three days of off-the-record White House conferences. Precisely what form his legislative recommendations will take is not yet known; advance reports indicate that his program will be conservative but not reactionary, completely satisfactory neither to liberal Democrat nor to right-wing Republican.

At the same time, the Administration acted promptly on the question of an economic turndown, which has been widely predicted for the early part of this year. When the question arose, spokesmen for the government made it plain without delay that the Eisenhower Administration plans to take immediate action if such an economic letdown takes place. According to the announcements, there will be no hands-off policy; if the Eisenhower

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Administration is a "conservative" one, apparently what it intends to conserve includes the positive New Deal heritage on the role of the government in economic crisis.

Again in the area of foreign policy, Mr. Eisenhower captured the imagination of the world by his atom-bomb speech before the UN. His approach was daring and imaginative; it left old paths in favor of exploring untried avenues toward limited world cooperation. In presenting his plan before the UN as he did, President Eisenhower effectively demonstrated to the world U.S. policy at its best.

All in all, Mr. Eisenhower has struck out vigorously in the last few weeks. No one should imagine that the months ahead will be easy for him; it would be foolish to overlook the extent to which Congressional leadership is drawn from the anti-Eisenhower wing of the Republican Party. But vigorous leadership from the Executive is what has been noticeably lacking in recent months. As the nation enters 1954, the indications that Mr. Eisenhower is now prepared to exercise his undoubted capacity for leadership add up to a happy political portent.

VOTE ON THE WATERFRONT

THOSE who had hoped that the expulsion of the International Longshoremen's Association by the AFL would constitute a big step toward cleaning up the crime-ridden New York waterfront were dismayed when a labor-management dispute caused the National Labor Relations Board to call for an election. For the new AFL dock union had not had time to get set. Even so, it did fairly well in the balloting under the circumstances.

It was too much to expect many of the longshoremen to give up their ancient loyalty to their old union, which had been under such attack from without, before the new AFL union had a chance to show its mettle. Moreover, a number of them greatly resented the sums the AFL had poured in —also from without—to win votes.

At present writing, the outcome of this key union election depends on what the NLRB decides about the four thousand ballots that are contested. They would have to go largely one way if the ILA is to be unseated. Yet this eventuality continues to appear essential for any solidly-based clean-up of the New York waterfront.

AID TO PAKISTAN

THERE are times when logic appears to be heavily on one side in a matter of international disagreement and yet political sentiments intervene to obscure the issue. For each of the questions raised by Mr. Nehru on proposed American military aid to Pakistan there is, objectively, a good explanation. But that does not seem to help much in our relations with the Indian and other apprehensive Asian governments.

The American plan to sell—and perhaps donate —some military equipment to the Pakistanis, in return for shipments to the United States of certain strategic materials, is under attack at New Delhi on the grounds that it will disturb an existing very delicate balance of power. But such balance has already been disturbed by the recent military and economic build-up of Communist Sinkiang and Tibet. It is further altered by French reverses in Indochina.

Mr. Nehru beat the Indian Communists to the barrier in asserting that such an agreement would end up in a new colonial venture. He conjured up India's bitter memories of the fairly recent past; for him such military aid is tantamount to making Pakistan a Western base, and, as of yore, the introduction of a few foreign troops could in the end lead to many more and a return of that land to colonial status. However fantastic such an eventuality appears to us, this is an argument which wins ardent support among peoples who cannot forget their recent political servitude.

Militarily there are plenty of reasons for strengthening Moslem Pakistan, the one nation in the area which is definitely anti-Soviet. It lies near the Khyber Pass, the traditional northern invasion gateway to India—a nation which has shown little inclination to resist. In its present military and economic state Pakistan now constitutes a highly vulnerable link in the anti-Soviet defenses. Yet this Moslem land appears so eager to stand and fight beside us that it is willing to risk its chances of winning a plebiscite in Kashmir by accepting American military aid.

That is what makes the choice so difficult for the leaders of the Administration. There is some evidence of Indian uneasiness about the Communist threat from the North. But in India's consistently neutralist framework this has now given way to a new upsurge of anti-Americanism induced by the proposed aid to Pakistan. Can the United States afford to alienate India in any case, or would that newly independent commonwealth, whatever happens, remain either dominantly neutralist anyway or ineffectual as a military ally? Perhaps the determining factor will be a considered military estimate of the extent and immediacy of the expansive threat constituted by current preparations in Tibet and Sinkiang.

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Heroes of the French Church

A RECENT CRISIS DEMONSTRATED THE EXTRAORDINARY POPULARITY THESE PRIESTS HAVE ACHIEVED IN FRANCE IN A FEW YEARS.

ROBERT BARRAT

WHAT is the most astonishing thing about the difficulties confronting the bold experiment of the worker-priests? Is it the crisis itself after ten years of heroic labors? Or is it, on the contrary, the extraordinary wave of spontaneous sympathy that swept across France when it became known that the movement was in danger? Doubtless that very danger demonstrated, in a most decisive way, the absolute necessity of not suppressing the movement—but at most of modifying and reforming it.

The crisis began last September when the religious bulletin of the diocese of Chartres published a letter to the bishops of France from Cardinal Pizzardo, prefect of the Congregation of Seminaries at Rome—a letter not addressed to the general public—forbidding seminarians to work during their vacations, as they had recently, in factories or on the docks, on boats, in mines, etc. The next day the French papers published this document virtually in full and placed it in juxtaposition with another omen: the failure of the seminary of the *Mission de France* to reopen according to schedule.

The reopening of the seminary, which last year was transferred from Lisieux to Limoges, had been postponed to some later date. This step affected some two hundred seminarians, who were requested in the meantime to place themselves at the disposal of their respective bishops. Discussions on reorganizing the course of studies were in process—and still are. As I write this, the fifth-year students—the oldest—have returned to Limoges and resumed their studies.

Finally, toward the end of September the French press announced that the new Nuncio at Paris, Monsignor Marella, was charged by Rome with the task of getting the French bishops to recall the various worker-priests to their own dioceses and to bring an end to all experiments of this sort. Several meetings of cardinals, bishops and heads of religious orders were held at Toulouse, Lyon and Paris to examine the question.

M. Barrat, Secretary-General of the Centre Catholique des Intellectuels Francais, also serves as The Commonweal's correspondent in Paris.

Although there is no official information on what transpired at these meetings, the rumor spread that the bishops and religious superiors as a whole, and especially Cardinal Feltin of Paris, were of the opinion that the interruption of this experiment would have extremely bad effects on the apostolate in France. At a meeting of the cardinals and archbishops it was decided that Cardinals Liénart, Feltin and Gerlier would go to Rome to address the Holy Father on this matter.

WHAT mistakes had the worker-priests made? Let me make clear the spirit in which I venture a few observations: Most of us would not be worthy of loosing the latchet of the shoes of these wholly dedicated men, some of whom are genuine saints.

In November 1952, in these pages, I described their manner of life, their daily heroism in sharing the living conditions of the most wretched, the most abandoned, the poorest of the poor. And they committed themselves totally, irrevocably, to the life of the worker. In the *Mission de Paris* and the *Mission de France* there were some two hundred worker-priests. There was no type of labor, no matter how humble or how arduous, that they were not ready to undertake: metal working, truck driving, even rag picking. I know of some of them who after a hard day's work brought together the men and women of their quarter to speak of God, placing themselves at the disposal of their "parishioners," whatever their needs might be.

How many times have they not given up their beds to some homeless unemployed worker, some North African who had just arrived at the French capital or someone who had taken sick. The worker-priest speaks the same language as these proletarians, dresses the way they do, has entered into their state of mind: thanks to him the gulf which separated the Church from the world of the worker has, in his district, been partially bridged.

Two years ago a tragic incident showed the extent to which the worker-priests had penetrated the proletarian *milieu*. A young priest, Michael Favreau, was working as a docker at the port of Bordeaux. When his weekly

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day-off came, he insisted on taking the place of a fellow-worker who was ill. He was working near a crane which dropped its load on top of him. His chest was crushed and he died a few hours later. Three thousand dockers and port workers, most of whom were non-believers, were present at his funeral.

It is therefore not enough to say that the worker-priests were accepted by the working masses; they became in a way the soul and hope of the workers' cause. Almost too much so. For that was the price of their identification with that world and its sufferings. In many cases they became more worker than the workers themselves. They were not satisfied simply to eradicate external differences as to manner of living; they went further and adopted the manner of thinking, the ideology of the working class.

By dint of speaking of social injustice, some came to think that the class struggle was an inevitable historic phenomenon and began to talk in terms that were only remotely reminiscent of the Gospels. Some became officers of the labor unions and took part in demonstrations organized by the Communists or the "combatants for peace"; some went to Warsaw or Budapest under these auspices.

In short, an important minority among the worker-priests tended to believe that the labor union and political battle comprised the only form of struggle that would liberate the working class.

BUT they are priests. Is it a priest's role to become head of a union local and call a strike? Should not the priest be a Christ living among men? Even as a worker, should not a priest be first and foremost a witness to the supernatural, a man who loves all men and who celebrates the sacred mysteries? I ask these questions in a spirit of boundless respect. What would we ourselves do if we had lived as these priests have for six or seven years—in districts racked by misery and filth, torn by social hatreds, confronted by certain heedless egoism on the part of the employing class?

Indeed there were workers who said to worker-priests too immersed in political combat: "Now you no longer interest us. What we expect of you is something different: you should bring us God."

Hence the anxiety of part of the Christian world was understandable when several worker-priests on the occasion of industrial disputes this past fall said: "We declare from our standpoint as militant workers that the CFTC [the association of Christian Trade Unions] has betrayed the interests of the workers, and as Christians we denounce this monopolization of speaking for the Faith by a trade union and political organization."

Similarly the worker-priests of the Paris region affirmed their solidarity with a declaration of Christian workers on the strikes in August—a declaration which accused certain CFTC leaders of collaboration and complicity with the employers. Could such accusations, such peremptory judgments, be the work of priests and Religious? If the worker-priests have their difficulties, did not they themselves supply the sticks with which they are now being beaten? French Catholics as a whole were not prepared to understand their attitudes; more discretion and more silence should have characterized their activities.

But it must also strongly be affirmed that a desire to defend the purity of Catholic doctrine was not the only motive of their detractors. Ignorance of the real problems which the Church faces in Europe has added much to the spitefulness and rancor. Regular information bureaus seem to be operating in the French Catholic world, observing the mistakes of those who pioneer and denouncing them to the French hierarchy and to Rome.

For the most part these denouncers consist of bitter reactionaries, fearful of the modern world, who rest on the argument that the Church possesses the truth, and refuse to see that that truth needs to be made incarnate in history through the constructive labors of the Christian world. These men are fascists at heart: they have a fixed conception of religion, the priesthood and society, which they refuse to see is somewhat outmoded.

For a priest to work with his hands they find scandalous, for example. But they have nothing to say about priests' going to drink tea in fashionable salons. They do not enjoy being reminded that Christ was a carpenter and the Apostles day-laborers or fishermen.

Thank God that the steps taken against the worker-priests have in all probability definitely assured their continuance. For when French opinion was apprised that the movement's existence was threatened, a reaction took place that had not been observed in France for a long time. Not only the Christian workers but all Catholic groups, and non-believers as well, begged the French hierarchy to defend them. Except for a few right-wing publications, journals of all shades of opinion spoke with one voice.

This crisis was needed to demonstrate to the hierarchy the extraordinary popularity which this handful of men have achieved in France in a few years. "Why this concern?" asked the French Catholic daily, *La Croix*. "Simply because people sensed that through these efforts the Church was seeking to enter into contact with the world as it is, to grapple with life's real problems, to supply an answer to the questions which men now pose."

EVIL often results in some good. The three cardinals recently returned from Rome with instructions that would hardly be pleasing to all worker-

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priests, but also with the assurance that their continued existence is no longer in doubt—whereas three months before it seemed likely that their suppression, pure and simple, was in prospect.

The statement of the cardinals and archbishops declared: "After ten years of existence the experiment of the worker-priests, as it has developed up to now, cannot be continued in its present form. But solicitous to protect the contact that has been established with the world of the worker by the pioneers of this apostolate, the Church freely envisages that priests who have given adequate proof of their qualities will continue their priestly apostolate in the midst of the worker *milieu*.

"But the Church requires:

"1) That they be specially chosen by their bishop.

"2) That they receive solid and appropriate training both as to doctrine and spiritual direction.

"3) That they take on manual labor only for a limited time so that their ability to respond to all the demands of their calling as priests may be safeguarded.

"4) That they accept no temporal office which would tend to create trade-union or other responsibilities that should be left to laymen.

"5) That they do not live in isolation but rather attached to a community of priests or a parish, thus maintaining a certain contact with parish life.

"Efforts will be made, in concert with the Holy See, to specify the methods of applying these principles, whose implementation should be undertaken calmly and pursued in a spirit of faith and obedience to the Church."

Let us conclude by quoting Francois Mauriac, who addressed himself, in *Le Figaro,* to those who rejoiced in the difficulties encountered by the *Mission de France* and the *Mission de Paris*: ". . . It is the Church who has placed them where they are. The measures she may take in the near future to protect those of her children who battle, at the peril of their souls, will not change this basic fact, this reality of the vast mass of de-Christianized workers. Nor will it change another reality: the desire that a grace infinitely renewed has created in a handful of men to espouse the poverty of the worker —not with the idea of preaching to their comrades without preparation a truth that most of them are not yet disposed to receive, but in order to study in their school and to learn from the workers their secret of participating in suffering.

"What has been begun will not be interrupted unless the worker-priests become discouraged. That would be the real danger: that they lose heart before certain attacks, that they yield to the temptation to despair. But they have realized, now, the respect in which we hold them: the confidence their spiritual leaders, their confrères, and all French Catholics place in them: that they are our pride, and that we cannot bring ourselves to imagine that one day they would no longer be there."

WORKER-PRIESTS

A New Spanish Approach

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

MANY objections have been voiced about the French worker-priests and their activities. Among those heard here in Rome are some which seem to have been generally overlooked in the most recent controversy about these "paratroopers of the Church." These objections are purely technical, but nonetheless important, having to do with the "missionary" approach to de-Christianized workers developed by Henri Godin, the founder of the movement.

Although all right in itself, it is said, the missionary approach has to be applied with due distinctions. It is true that the workers in many parts of France may be regarded as an ex-Christian minority, strongly class-conscious, and given to the new religion of Communism. Undoubtedly, this fact is one of the great scandals of the century. But workers are not, by virtue of these circumstances, an exotic tribe, living in an alien culture, with permanent traditions to be respected and conserved for coming generations.

French workers are would-be French bourgeois. The natural tendency of the manual worker is to improve his standard of living, to rise socially—which means to become a member of the bourgeoisie. The ideal of the worker is not proletarian, whatever Communist propaganda may say, but bourgeois. The majority of the leaders of the working class in every country, Communist or Socialist, are of bourgeois origin—first and

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Mr. Kumlien, who represents the Swedish newspaper Stockholms-Tidningen in the Mediterranean area, also serves as The Commonweal's correspondent in Rome.

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foremost, Marx and Lenin. And the rest of the worker leaders are ex-proletarians who have achieved a bourgeois way of life. In the so-called peoples' democracies they become party or state functionaries; in the West they become bourgeois parvenus or, frequently, well-paid Communist Party officials.

Therefore, only to a certain extent can it be said that the Church in France is "too bourgeois," as many of the worker-priests would have it. While it is true that the Church on its bourgeois level in France has neglected the working class, it is also true that if workers were to be lifted to the level to which they aspire they would feel quite at home in the French Church's traditional atmosphere. A new, separated, proletarian Church, with its own atmosphere, would only be justified if workers were in fact that exotic tribe.

For these reasons, the argument goes, a worker feels more puzzlement than admiration for that priest, a cultured man, who tries to be as primitive as a worker, to use the same language and to dress as poorly. The worker may think him a nice chap, but tends to look upon him in much the same way as a child would look upon a grown-up who, in order to gain his confidence, would dress and behave like a child.

OTHER objections to worker-priests are well-known: the problem of participation in the class-struggle, the danger of isolation and even of unwitting Communist contamination. The new directions which the Vatican has given to the worker-priests state that they must be specially chosen by their bishops, receive special preparation and reduce their manual labor in order to consecrate more time to priestly duties. They are not to take an active part in the class struggle, and they are not to live in isolation but as part of a community or parish.

The original philosophy of the worker-priests has not been wholly rejected. They are not going to be reduced more or less to the status of Catholic Action chaplains. That system, with its lack of efficiency and its deadly isolation of parishes from working-class parishioners, was what first induced the Abbé Godin to create the bold new movement. Wasn't this a Catholic response to the tremendous Communist challenge? it is asked. And what have the questions of social opportunity and political tactics to do with the primordial call of charity and love towards the poorest and most abandoned of Christ's brethren? Is a de-Christianized proletariat able to breed anything other than a de-Christianized bourgeoisie? If there are Catholic political organizations of the Right, why shouldn't there be Catholic political organizations of the Left? Is the Church's mission not everywhere?

THE reply to these natural questions is not to be found in words of explanation, but in another Catholic experiment, one which has exactly the same spirit as that of the French worker-priests, bold and original, and one which was born in a place where it might be least expected: Spain. And what is more remarkable is that none of the objections applied to the French experiment can be made about the Spanish one. Criticism of the Spanish experiment has come only from Catholic conservative quarters there—from the same kind of people who fought the French worker-priests from the very beginning.

The name of the Spanish movement is *La Hermandad de Cristo Trabajador*—"The Brotherhood of Christ the Worker." Founded in 1943 by the Jesuit Father Juan Soler de Morell in Barcelona, it was approved by the Bishop of Barcelona in 1949. Thus the Spanish movement pre-dates slightly its French counterpart. Completely independent of the Jesuit order, the movement certainly has some of the Jesuits' spirit. The members of the Brotherhood can now be found not only in the miserable suburbs of Barcelona (where, during the Civil War, the Soviet-instructed political police turned a church into a ghastly "model prison," like Lubianka in Moscow), but in industrial areas all over Spain, where Communism still smolders under the ashes.

The situation in Spain is quite different from that in France. In Spain, large sections of the proletariat are not indifferent to the Faith of their fathers; they are taut with hatred towards the Church's representatives, a fact which was clearly demonstrated during the Civil War. There is no risk that the priests of the Brotherhood of Christ the Worker will become contaminated by organized Communism, or be dragged into the class struggle: in Spain, no strikes are allowed. But the Communist pseudo-religion is there, in its most alluring and apparently innocent form, that of "suffering Communism." (Communism divides itself, like the Church, into "suffering Communism" as in Spain, "militant Communism" as in France, and "triumphant Communism" as in the USSR. There is an ironical saying among these "suffering" Spanish Communists that Spain does not need the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter; Spanish Communists, during the periods in which they are out of prison, have a sufficient number

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of freedoms, such as freedom from freedom, provisional freedom, and freedom under police supervision!)

IF the objectives, the work, the risks and the problems of the Brethren of Christ the Worker are roughly the same as those of the French worker-priests, their organization is completely different and measures up to the new directives which have been given to the French. The Spanish slogan is: *monks inside, workers outside.* Members of the Brotherhood are priests or lay brothers with the three monastic vows, living in economically independent communities, working either within their communities or in factories. They must pass through five years of training before they are admitted to the full Brotherhood: six months as postulants, one year as novices, one year with three-month vows, and finally three years as professed members with annual vows.

Father Soler, the founder, does not think there is any basic necessity for the priests of the Brotherhood to live outside the community with the workers, and this is permitted only in exceptional circumstances. He does think that much good can be accomplished if priests work alongside workers in the factories, perhaps in teams of two or three. Christ Himself worked for years as a humble carpenter, but He dropped that activity during the last and most important three years of His life. Thus Father Soler thinks the main concern of the priests should not be manual work but the care of souls. With the lay brothers, the situation is different, since many of them were manual workers before entering the Brotherhood. Their task is to be workers, in the full sense of the word, but to live inside the community in all but the most unusual circumstances.

In order to have the greatest influence, and to avoid that isolation of the parish so dreaded by the French worker-priests, these communities in Spain have capillary organizations of their own, outside the communities themselves, which consist of "external brothers," who are unmarried workers or widowers living with their families, and "cooperators," who are married workers living with their families.

Through this organization, the Brethren of Christ the Worker are gradually expanding in Spain and are planning soon to enter South America, where in many places there are comparable problems. I recently spent an evening with one of the Brotherhood's communities in the Barcelona suburbs (incidentally, one of the most interesting evenings I have spent in a very long time), and I found in them exactly the same heroic spirit as among the worker-priests I have met in France. But these men had a greater cheerfulness and confidence, befitting the well-organized "paratroopers" they undoubtedly are.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

FROM ISRAEL

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem ..."

YOU make your arrangements through the American consular authorities in Jerusalem, Jordan, in order to pass over into Israel. A date and an hour are settled upon. When the time comes you go to the Mandelbaum gate. There are children playing there, Arab kids who hang around waiting to carry your bags as far as the Arabs are permitted to go. You go through the exit formalities, shake hands with the Arab customs-man, give the kids the Jordan coins in your pocket and then walk the few hundred feet of no-man's-land until you reach the Israeli side of the city. In between you pass blasted houses where no one lives now. The no-man's-land silence is ominous.

You know, of course, that nothing will happen. But still it is a little eerie crossing the short distance which separates sworn enemies. When you get to the other end, there are more children playing around —Jewish children, wearing just about the same kind of clothes and not looking much different from the Arab children on the other side. You have arrived in another world. Culture, religion, language, tempo—everything has changed. You are in Israel now. For weeks you have heard the Israelis referred to as the enemy; here, it is the Israelis' turn—the Arabs are now the black villains of the piece.

An American in Jordan had told me: "You'll see a complete difference when you cross over. You'll be in the West again. It's as if they picked up a chunk of Europe and set it down in the Middle East." But the neighborhood we passed through to get to the hotel didn't look very Western. People looked almost as exotic as the more colorful Arabs on the other side. The young men on the streets were wearing the traditional side-curls, dark clothing and round hats. Later I learned they were not typical. We were passing through a quarter of the city occupied by what are here called the "ultra-Orthodox." These are the people who pick up rocks and throw them at cars whose drivers venture forth during the sacred Sabbath hours. They are the ones who threaten gas-station attendants and shop-keepers who stay open for business during *Shabat.* Their rabbis protest vigorously against the conscripting of women for the Israeli army. Some of them even regard the new State as a profanation. This, they argue, is not the true Israel but the godless creature of worldly politicians. The true Israel of their prayers

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("Next year in Jerusalem") will come only through the grace of God.

But theirs is an extreme position. Most religious-minded persons here are ready to accept the new State as the beginnings of the fulfillment of the prophecies. They speak with a kind of casual reverence of the "in-gathering of the exiles," refer to the "Diaspora" as if it were a thing of the past, and frame political discussions in terms essentially theocratic. A learned professor, Leo Kohn, who serves as political advisor to the government, put it this way to us: "We regard ourselves as returnees, coming back to the East where we belong, bringing with us the treasures of the West and the tragic memories of two thousand years of exile."

This was only a hint of a mystique—if that is the word—which is everywhere. Israel is not regarded as just another State. It is special, a nation with a high religious destiny and a profoundly mystical foundation.

"IT is religion which makes Israel," I was told by one important leader. "The nation is founded on faith in the Jewish religion, on Jewish culture, Jewish traditions and the historic memory of the Jewish people. Jewishness makes an Israeli. Jewishness is the force which welds these people from all over the world into a nation." Then one naturally asks: "What of the non-Jewish Israeli citizens? What of the man who does not share your religion or your ancient traditions and does not have your historic memories? Is he forever doomed to second-class citizenship? In other words, is not Israeli-ness rather than Jewishness enough?"

What I was trying to get at was whether Israel was to be a "lay state," in the modern democratic sense, or a theocratic state. I never got a satisfactory answer. I was told that the religious rights of the non-Jewish Israelis are protected by law, but Israel is still a Jewish state—as Spain is Catholic and Sweden Protestant but in an even more special sense, since this is God's nation above all others. "Could I, a Reform rabbi, perform a marriage service here that would be recognized by the State?" the rabbi in our party asked. The answer was no. In accordance with the "community" arrangements common in the Middle East, marriage among Christians and Moslems is handled by their own religious authorities, but even unbelieving Israeli Jews must go to the Orthodox rabbis for marriage and divorce. The ancient Talmudic laws are the law of the land for all Jews. Non-Orthodox rabbis are regarded as laymen in the eyes of the State.

Israel's leaders have not really decided whether they head a theocracy or a secular state, in the modern Western sense. It seems to me that they are still trying to have it both ways. When they act in the manner of a secular state, they outrage the "ultra-Orthodox," who have been led to believe that they are living in a theocracy. When they act in the manner of a theocracy, they arouse the resentment of the secularist Israelis, many of whom are vigorously anti-, not merely un-religious, and embarrass friends abroad who like to think of the little country as the "bulwark of democracy in the Middle East." The resulting confusion completely satisfies no one.

Despite the fact that there are many non-believers in Israel, some militant, the "mystique" of the State is all bound up with religious history, prophecy and sense of vocation. If the leaders of Israel were to talk like the representatives of a "secular" state, they would sacrifice much of the appeal the State has for those who have come there with a sense of returning to a holy place. One realizes this very well when the thought of an Israel located somewhere other than in the Holy

Land is considered. The Palestine location of the Jewish state is deemed all-important: not because a Jewish homeland anywhere else could not have been successful—indeed, there are many underpopulated places in the world where there might have been less political dissension caused by the creation of the State and where the land might have been much more congenial—but because the idea of "return" is essential. The "in-gathering of the exiles" is essentially a religious concept, and even the secularists are moved by the mysticism in it.

WE arrived in Israel just before sundown on Friday. There was an old professor, a man known in academic circles throughout the world, who was anxious to take us to the synagogues of the Yemenites, Iraqis, Armenians and other "Oriental" Jews.

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The Yemenites' synagogue was first. It was a small second-floor room. The congregation—all men—numbered no more than twelve or fifteen. The service was "primitive," we were told, and it was said that we could not find its like anywhere else in the world but in that particular synagogue. I am no judge of such things. What impressed me was the religious exaltation I found in that bare, unadorned room. I don't think I have ever seen such naked faith in my life anywhere. The men praying looked like the Old Testament prophets as one always imagined them. Their faces fairly shone with the vision of God. At one point in the service a joyous song was sung. Their joy, believe me, was real enough. One old man, I remember, did a little dance with a child who was wandering around from one to another during the entire service. They were both young then.

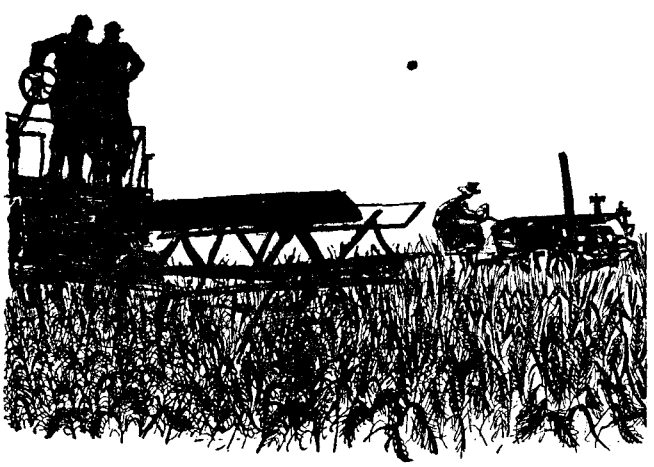
"Why do you worship with these people, the most primitive of all the Israelis?" our professor-guide was asked. "Because," the professor said, "they are the most learned in the Talmud; their faith is the deepest and their religion the purest." I could believe that.

These same Yemenites were brought to Israel from the Arabian desert a few years ago by one of the famed airlift operations. They were a primitive people, untouched by modern civilization. Among some of them even the wheel was not in general use. Then, lo, a giant silver bird came out of the sky and took them off to the Promised Land. When they reached Israel, they reverently kissed the ground. Immediately they were plunged into a world of wonders—shower baths, telephones, automobiles, radios, the thousand and one miracles that came to our world slowly, one by one. But these things they regarded calmly, as only another aspect of the wonder of being in God's own Jerusalem, the place of their prayers. To them and to Jews like them, Israel can never be just another State. It is the kingdom of God on earth. Any flouting of God's law in such a place, *the* place above all others on earth, is unspeakable blasphemy. How can one talk to such believers about a "lay" State, a "secular democracy"?

AFTER leaving the Yemenites we visited four or five other "Oriental" synagogues. We never found quite the same intensity again, but everywhere the congregations, all men, were crowded to the doors. In one there were two services—one being conducted in the courtyard for those who could not find room in the synagogue. I learned that there were more than four hundred synagogues in Jerusalem alone—and remember that the Israelis do not occupy all of the city. Regular attendance is high—at least in the "Oriental" quarters; in the "European" quarters, we were told, we would not have found so many worshippers.

To the Yemenites, Israel represents one thing: the wondrous fulfillment of prophecy; to another group, personified in a friend I made in Tel Aviv—a "European"—it means something else. But to both, the new State is the fulfillment of dreams. The European put it simply. We were talking about the fact that Israel now has more people leaving it than coming into it. This is a matter about which the Israelis are sensitive. Actually, the number who have left—fifty thousand—is small, compared to those who have immigrated, seven hundred and ten thousand in the past five years. But the Israelis, probably typical of a young, unsure people, are unduly touchy about their country.

My friend the "European" said: "I wouldn't care if this country were run by gangsters, if a man were not safe on the streets. I would still stay. These people say they are disappointed, or that they are disillusioned. But do they realize what they are doing? I remember that after I got out of Germany I stopped off in England on my way to Palestine. In London I asked for a short extension of my stay. The little clerk said, 'I



suppose you are trying to stay here. I know you Jews. Once you get your foot in the door . . .' It was like a slap in the face. I can feel the sting yet. Well, as long as there is an Israel no one will ever be able to say a thing like that to me again. No one again will ever be able to treat me as an outsider, as long as there is an Israel." The man is an unbeliever, a secularist. The religious exaltation of the Orthodox is a mystery to him. But the idea of a Jewish homeland is a driving passion.

I wondered later when we drove around in Galilee, going from Tel Aviv to Nazareth, how many Israelis reasoned as he did and felt as strongly. The evidence of hard work and the Israelis' positive passion for building up this country are evident on all sides during such a drive. People work untiringly. Something profound drives them. How many, I wondered, feel like my friend who would remember the nasty little clerk in London all his life? How far can Israel be explained by desperation of one kind or another? How far by religious passion?

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC

MISS Hermione Gingold and a deft young attendant, Mr. Orson Bean, are the plums in this Christmas pudding. She is the English revue artist, wonderfully leering and rapacious; he a night-club entertainer, bland as a Harvard doctoral thesis and just as telling. Grand Gingold is the lady's specialty: she attacks her material with a hideous relish, carving out of her voice and features works of human art never yet seen on land or sea. Mr. Bean prefers the indirect method of sidling up to his neat and antic postures. Together they immeasurably compound the joy of the season, and leave the brightest signatures on Mr. John Murray Anderson's calendar of days.

Miss Gingold does not surrender herself easily to labeling. She has none of Beatrice Lillie's butterfly touch, but a comparably devastating effect; she is broad and grotesque, but never decays into a shrill and indiscriminate horseplay. She specializes in inflating her personality to the pitch of lunacy, and parading a gallery of macabre, exotic monsters: the lady disabled by years of devotion to the cello ("they don't go for bandy girls today"), a garish Parisian soubrette, all baubles, bangles and beads, or a musty British matron having a wicked cigarette and a glass of port in a Wagon-Lits compartment. But whatever the object, the technique and poise are faultless, the personality unique. One man's meat may surely be another man's poison, but I am only too happy to confess that my cheer is Gingold, the wry cheer. Mr. Bean works his own mild vein with distinction also, whether he is building a paper eucalyptus tree out of the *Herald Tribune,* or singing a merry little patter song which notes, among other things, that "they're rioting in Africa."

Leafing through the rest of Mr. Anderson's Almanac, one turns up rather more sunshine than you would expect. To be sure, the songs—without exception—are cloudy, lumpish affairs, and the dancing has that fevered witlessness of Broadway at its most lavishly dull. But Billy De Wolfe is as shrewd and fastidious a comic as Miss Gingold, and Harry Belafonte executes his two folk numbers with elegant, if rather self-conscious, style. Best of all, Jean Kerr gives the evening a satiric spine with as good a revue sketch as the theater has produced in years. This is a spirited and inventive lampoon of the presently fashionable taste for literary readings called "Don Brown's Body," and it gives Mr. Mickey Spillane the cultural works. Played by Kay Medford, Mr. Bean and Carleton Carpenter with a rich delight in the idiocies of dramatic posturing, it is a thing of beauty and a joy for as long as this trio will continue to indulge us. (*At the Imperial.*)

KISMET

"KISMET'S" kismet does not look favorable. Not since Nineveh, not since Tyre has Oriental wickedness been paraded with such a roguish gleam, such a greedy and gross determination to wow 'em. Oh boy, are there slave girls! Oh boy, are there orgies! But neither sumptuous decor, nor a flaccid musical score (mashed Borodin), nor Alfred Drake's bluster and bravado, can raise the evening to interest. Jack Cole's dances (Indian, Malayan, Siamese: this is *Oriental!*) are quite the best part of the affair, but "Kismet" finally emerges as an Arabian nightmare in which, to quote my companion (specially imported from Baghdad for the occasion), the only Arabic word is "hashish." (*At the Ziegfeld.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

LEAVING NO TURN UNSTONED

IT'S that time of year again—when, if ever, a critic is allowed to express his personal preferences. During the course of the year he tries to be objective in his reviews, but personality, being what it is, is bound to creep into discussions. At year's end, however, the critic selects his ten best—those films he liked best of the whole crop—without any thought of being objective. In looking over the 1953 list, I realize that there are many more than ten good movies—so my preferences have to be more personal than ever. Without further ado, these, more or less in the order of preference, were for me the bright spots of the year:

Shane: In telling an upbeat story that insists that man must stand up and fight for what he believes, George Stevens got fine performances out of Alan Ladd and the others in this good cast and used the magnificent Grand Tetons scenery to make a western that stands with the best of all time.

Julius Caesar: Under the direction of Joseph Mankiewicz, a superlative cast headed by James Mason, John Gielgud and Marlon Brando reminded us again of the enduring timeliness of Shakespeare's play; handsomely filmed in black and white, providing a treat for both eyes and ears.

The Conquest of Everest: An inspirational and first-rate documentary with visuals made on the famous expedition last spring and a commentary written by Louis MacNeice which could well be a model for future film narrations.

From Here to Eternity: James Jones' lengthy and sentimentally realistic novel about army life compressed into a stirring film in which Fred Zinneman's direction of Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank

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Sinatra and others resulted in memorable characterizations.

Roman Holiday: A delightful comedy with serious undertones, beautifully filmed in Rome where Gregory Peck, as an American correspondent, and lovely Audrey Hepburn, as a reception-weary princess, cavort before returning to their responsibilities.

A Queen Is Crowned: A legitimately chauvinistic documentary, shown in record time after the coronation of Elizabeth II; a happy combination of fanfare and dignity that well illustrates why the English are in love with their new Queen and why Americans are almost as enthusiastic.

Little Boy Lost: Although Bing Crosby was not entirely at ease in this demanding role of a widower who searches for his small son mainly out of resentment against his wife's death, George Seaton's well-written script and good direction of a largely French cast (little Christian Fourcade, Gabrielle Dorziat and others) make this a stirring movie.

Stalag 17: Although retaining much of the comedy in this bawdy stage play about American POWs in a German prison camp, Producer-director Billy Wilder turned it into a strong indictment of man's inhumanity toward man, even Americans' thoughtless cruelty toward their fellow prisoners; and William Holden gave an excellent performance as the misjudged soldier who was himself no model of virtue.

The Robe: The first example of CinemaScope deserved all the applause it got for the new medium in spite of the fact that the movie itself was more successful as a spectacular pageant than as a penetrating study of early Christians.

Call Me Madam: My vote for the best musical of the year gave us Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor and several others in the good cast at their elegant rowdiest; the Berlin music and Lindsay-Crouse play together combined to produce a rare phenomenon, a production that really is better in the movies than it was on the stage. A close runner-up, however, for best musical was "The Band Wagon" with Fred Astaire, a lively score and a satirical ballet that should put Mickey Spillane in his place for all time.

So stand the ten. The list is not the final word. Without even half an argument I could add "Moulin Rouge" for its wonderful color, "Lili" for its great charm, "Little Fugitive" for its documentary realism on a trip to Coney Island with a little boy, "Gilbert and Sullivan" for its gaiety and spirit in a musical biography, "The Beggar's Opera" for its handsome sets and gusto in capturing the feel of John Gay's play, "The Living Desert" for its remarkable photography of animals and places, and—you complete the list yourself, because everyone will have his own favorites. All we ask now is that 1954 does as well or better.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"A NEW FARM POLICY"

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editors: The idea of outright grants or compensatory payments to farmers in times of depression or low prices favored by Father Schirber and Mr. Hynes [Nov. 27, 1953], I thought was contained in that unmentionable, the Brannan Plan (which, of course, until recently was creeping socialism). Furthermore, the idea expressed by Father Schirber and Mr. Hynes that our Farm Policy should be examined from the viewpoint of the needs of hungry people around the world seems to be related to Mr. Brannan's view, that in the light of the world situation there is no U. S. farm surplus.

In other words, this fine, constructive article, "A New Farm Policy," by Father Schirber and Mr. Hynes on the subject of U. S. agriculture has suggested to me that Charley Brannan had a few good ideas on this same subject a few years ago.

JOHN M. SISSON.

"CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA"

Fremont, Ohio

TO the Editors: The "Catholicism in America" series has been a brilliant success. The articles have been positive in tone and their criticisms have been constructive.

There is one exception. A careful re-reading of Mr. Cunneen's "Catholics and Education" [August 7 and August 14, 1953] produces a sentiment of disappointment. Mr. Cunneen qualifies himself as a "loyal" product of Catholic education; he finds it necessary to add that "only a lunatic" would favor the abolition of Catholic schools. Mr. Cunneen, however, does not believe that the Catholic schools should expand "automatically." He rejects the slogan "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school." This slogan has been the goal of Catholic education in America. It is not clear what objective would be substituted for the slogan. His articles would indicate that he thinks Catholic schools should exist only in special circumstances—to serve the very bright; the very dull; the linguistically handicapped or others whom the public school system cannot readily assimilate. Mr. Cunneen criticizes the starting of all new Catholic schools without considering the merits of the existing public schools. The purpose of Catholic schools is not to remedy deficiencies in public education, as his remark seems to presume.

Support of Catholic schools should not and usually does not produce either indifference or hostility toward public education. The community in which I live is one-third Catholic. Almost all Catholic children are

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in Catholic schools. Catholics have supported all bond issues for improvement of public schools. This must be true in countless communities where there are so many Catholics that bond issues could not pass without their support.

The point of view expressed in "Catholics and Education" would lead not to the present expansion of Catholic education but its drastic curtailment.

As a priest engaged in parochial work I am aware of the tremendous spiritual advantages resulting to the large numbers educated in our Catholic schools. Mr. Cunneen is the Editor of a magazine, directed toward an intellectual and spiritual elite. He may not be in a position to appreciate the values accruing to the mass of Catholics from Catholic education—values which have given American Catholicism most of its present vigor.

(*Rev.*) JOHN MCCULLEN.

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editors: As one reader of The Commonweal, I would like you to know how much I have enjoyed the series of articles, "Catholicism in America." . . .

However, with reference to the article by Ed Willock, "Catholic Radicalism" [October 2], I wonder on what basis the author stated: "In one large city a group compiled figures which proved that of every dollar given to the community chest, ten cents reached the poor." It may be that ten cents out of each dollar contributed was actually distributed to individuals in need of financial assistance. While the author may not have intended it, his wording suggests that only individuals who have received financial assistance are benefiting from community services. His wording implies that ninety per cent of the amount contributed to community chests does not go to help individuals needing health, welfare and recreational services.

With financial assistance available to those in need through the various public assistance programs, our voluntary agencies are rendering vital services to individuals and families by assisting those with personal, emotional, and social problems and at the same time attempting to remove conditions which foster or aggravate dependency, maladjustment, and other forms of social breakdown which cause tremendous amounts of human suffering. Charity, social services, and love of neighbor can not be measured in monetary terms. Mr. Willock overlooks the professional and warm service of the social worker who plans with adoptive parents; the competent guidance given by councilors to individuals with marital, family, and other personal problems; the constructive understanding and planning provided by social and health workers for the handicapped, the mental and emotionally disturbed, the aging, and children needing foster homes.

The programs for our neighbors provided by agencies to countless individuals in our complex and closely interrelated communities require coordination and integrated planning in order to insure constructive and meaningful services as efficiently and economically as possible. The necessity for organization and policies in our larger agencies results from our desire to provide the best services to large numbers of individuals. Administrative procedures are in no way a substitute for personal charity but are affirmative methods of relating good intentions to reality situations in an orderly manner. Respect for the dignity of each human being and the uniqueness of each personality should always be of paramount importance since agencies are founded to serve and help individuals in need. The motivations of individuals in social service and health work may vary, as they do in most professions. Individual convictions about the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man do find expression through organized services as exemplified in the efforts and contributions of voluntary leadership, community support, and the professional services of trained personnel who have chosen this vocation in the social services.

FREDERICK J. FERRIS,
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THE MONTH

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The Plight of the Irish

GARY MacEOIN

IRELAND'S population fell from 8,178,000 in 1841 to 4,330,000 in 1951, a period of explosive expansion of world population. Since cities and towns grew, the rural decline has been substantially greater than the average. Abnormal social tendencies developed concurrently, most striking being the late marriage age and the proportion of life-long celibates. These abnormalities are statistically established in Ireland and well documented in Irish communities elsewhere.

Few and late marriages obviously affect birth rates, but they did not cause Ireland's population fall. Births at all times have exceeded deaths. For example, the excess between 1936 and 1946 was 173,798, and the 1946-51 birth rate averaged 21.9 per thousand, high for Europe. Other factors remaining unchanged, more and earlier marriages would only increase emigration.

The urban trend should not be classed as an Irish abnormality. It is worldwide, affecting agricultural as well as industrial countries. Town dwellers in Denmark rose from 38 to 67 per cent in a half-century; 41 to 53 in France; 28 to 51 in Norway; 32 to 61 in Spain. The urban proportion in the Republic of Ireland was only 40.5 per cent in 1951, and the upward curve is moderate and proportionate to industrial expansion. Output of electricity is twenty times what it was thirty years ago. Cement production is three times the total imports before domestic production began. The general industrial index (1938: base, 100) stands at 175.

Economic causes began the population decline: famine in the 1840's and a policy geared to beef production for export which dispossessed tenant farmers in droves. These causes have disappeared. Every Irish farmer owns his holding. The average daily caloric intake is 3500, equalled only by Argentina and New Zealand, higher than Britain and the U.S.; and the diet is eminently satisfactory in protein content, second in the world after Australia.

No longer facts, hunger and insecurity remain as emotional forces. Economic progress has effected far less than equal reaction (and besides it has not kept pace in other spheres with the dietary improvement, a point of possible interest to socio-psychoanalysts). Emigration, though less, is still abnormal, and the average marrying age has lowered but slightly, from 34.9 per thousand to 33.1 for men between 1926 and 1946, from 29.1 to 28 for women. Statistically, there is a population equilibrium, with the low point in 1939 and a steady but infinitesimal increase since. Emigration, however, funnels off the most dynamic at the start of their productive and reproductive life, creating a disproportion between children and aged on one side and the employable on the other.

THE residual social, socio-religious and emotional abnormalities have been and continue to be the subject of much and often heated discussion. The latest, most comprehensive and documented study is *The Vanishing Irish* [McGraw-Hill. $4.], edited by Father John A. O'Brien of Notre Dame, and presenting his views and those of fifteen other distinguished Irish and Irish-Americans, including Paul Vincent Carroll, Shane Leslie, Sean O'Faolain, Margaret Culkin Banning, Kathleen Norris, Arland Ussher and Bryan MacMahon. Cumulatively, they paint a somber picture.

The fetish of security makes the old cling to control —on the farm, in commerce, industry, government and the Church. The young, as potential usurpers, are treated as (and consequently react as) children up to middle age. They are prized mainly as unpaid labor. When death brings release, enthusiasm has yielded to a determination to hold in turn until death. The atmosphere is one of resistance to change, xenophobia (reflected even by contributors to this volume in their comments on foreigners who settle in Ireland), and determination to suppress dissident ideas. The State censorship, reflecting fully the popular outlook, bans books on the basis of their unsuitability for the immature, so that even a book issued with a Catholic *Imprimatur* has been excluded from the country.

A further characteristic is the separation of the sexes, combined with ignorance of the physical, psychological and spiritual aspects of sex and marriage. Priests and lay contributors agree on this phenomenon, and several Irish-American contributors testify that it has carried over into Irish-American communities. Jansenistic influences introduced to Ireland in the early nineteenth century are a suggested origin. Short-term clerical measures to hold the moral line when economic conditions later in the century prevented large numbers from marrying may have aggravated the trend.

Mr. MacEoin, a native of Ireland, is the author of the recently published "Nothing Is Quite Enough," an autobiography.

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But it has not yet lost momentum. Tremendous energy has been expended in the past thirty years in fulminating against dances and other normal outlets for youthful energies and enthusiasms, little being done to provide opportunities for social intercourse and recreation.

A young man (quoted by Sean O'Faolain) sums up the results: "We Irishmen have been conditioned into a state of sexual frigidity and repression because for generations we have clothed the sublimity of love in shrouds of taboo, false prudery and an attitude of Victorian Puritanism that has given to the act of sexual union the blasphemous nature of something offensive."

Assuming the desirability of maintaining the Irish, not in museums but as a dynamic factor within the human race (an assumption acceptable to this reviewer), *The Vanishing Irish* is an extremely important book for highlighting the complex factors and indicating desirable action. It is also an encouraging book, for it shows that leading Irish thinkers realize the threat and (notwithstanding the repressive atmosphere indicated above) voice their views frankly.

They seek a twofold reform: economic and socio-religious. The most objectionable economic trends have already been reversed. But the pace of development in both agriculture and industry can be speeded greatly. The belief—common in all Europe—that national wealth is fixed in total quantity, that the success of one means less for the others, must be eradicated. Though Ireland's undeveloped resources are not spectacular, it is capable of tremendously increased agricultural production by drainage, land improvement, better cultivation techniques, and improved crop and animal strains. There is a surplus of intelligent and educated labor. Capital is so plentiful that Ireland's external assets are greater per capita than those of the United States. What lags behind is the political know-how to bring these factors of production together.

A report prepared in June 1952 by a U.S. advisory service for the Irish Government sums up the economic outlook: "The greatest need in Ireland's economic life is confidence—the will to establish a framework of economic institutions geared to dynamic growth, the independence to cut loose from usages modeled upon European practice that is defensively restrictive. In short, Ireland in the economic sphere needs to adapt the independence of spirit that it has applied to the political and cultural fronts. Its economic development calls for the boldness of individual initiative and the healthy gusto for the good things of life that characterize the Heroic Tradition. That tradition is sufficiently a part of the fabric of Irish culture to warrant confidence that Ireland will build an economic future, upon its already considerable progress in the industrial field, commensurate with the potential of its fine human and by no means negligible natural resources."

The social and moral outlook is less favorable. Evidences of a reversal of objectionable trends are fewer and popular resistance to change is great. Since Irish leadership has traditionally centered on the Catholic Church, the movement should desirably spring from there and should function through education at all levels. To judge from the temper of some of the contributors to *The Vanishing Irish,* continued neglect may have disastrous results.

STAGNATION is, nevertheless, far from total. Intellectual ferments continue to work. The drama movement is more widespread than ever. The novels of Bryan MacMahon, Benedict Kiely and Walter Macken have the magic that made their predecessors world famous. And directly in the socio-economic field are such movements as *Macra na Feirme* (Young Farmers) and *Muintir na Tire* (People of the Land).

Father John M. Hayes, its founder, reviews the latter movement in *The Vanishing Irish.* To know this man and to know what he has achieved is to know that Ireland will survive, in spite of statistics. Fifteen years ago he created his organization to make rural life as attractive and economically rewarding as urban. Important individuals approved, but the public was utterly apathetic, and the run of politicians, clergy and press felt a priest had his own business to attend to.

Though never freed from routine duties (then as curate, now as pastor), he found time and energy to prove his contention, namely, that the rural community can save itself. Treating the parish in Ireland as the natural unit of activity, he started in his own parish a program of social, educational, economic and recreational development. Gradually other parishes followed. All activities center around a democratically and vocationally organized Guild and its Parish Hall. The Guild brings electricity to all homes, provides playing fields, has roads improved, arranges to have appropriate land improvement schemes made available to members, starts rural industries, holds dances, movie shows and lectures in its hall. Already 375 of Ireland's 2000 parish units have Guilds. Some have transformed their parishes. Some are doing little. Some are held back by the traditional clerical resistance to lay initiative. But the leaven is working.

One idea Father Hayes has had great difficulty in getting across is the importance of making living conditions attractive. Even some of the contributors to *The Vanishing Irish* reveal how ingrained is the notion that duty is the supreme virtue, with its concomitant that people who neglect their duty should be forced to perform it. Man being as God made him—even the Irishman—he marries and raises a family because of the pleasures and satisfactions he finds along the way. Eliminate these, and you are left with the situation so forcibly presented in *The Vanishing Irish.*

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The Return to a Living Tradition

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER PRIME MINISTERS. By Algernon Cecil. Oxford. $6.

By JOHN A. LUKACS

IT is very difficult to review, in America, and in January 1954, a book devoted to the principles and personalities of Queen Victoria's England. The distance that separates us from that age and place has now grown so enormous and hazy that, while the images of the present American generation about, say, the French Revolution, or of the Reformation are at least sporadically correct, their ideas about the Victorian Age are seldom correct at all. Indeed, it is an interesting, and disturbing phenomenon that our society would probably understand and welcome the principles and politics of a Martin Luther or of a John Endicott, whereas they would stand stupefied and unconvinced before Disraeli or Newman.

Thus the reviewer is in doubt. Who cares, today, about the antecedents of the Schleswig War, about the diplomacy of the Earl of Rosebery, or whether and when Palmerston and Gladstone had been similar? The brilliance of Imperial Durbars, or of the Berlin Congress, appeal but to the imagination of elderly men who discuss these matters on Sunday afternoons with their graduate students. Yet there is another aspect: that of Victorian Conservatism. There is, today, a faint surge of interest in Conservative thought. There is a Conservative party in power in England. And the author of this book is a Tory.

Algernon Cecil was born in 1879; so was Stalin, whom he outlived by one month. When they came in this world, Disraeli was still alive. How do they look, Queen Victoria's ten Prime Ministers, Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Rosebery, Salisbury, in retrospect, in this late Tory's eyes? The importance of this inquiry grows beyond the necessary rehashing of Victorian memoirs by still another historian; it is an inquiry of Conservative Thought.

There have been two streams of contemporary Conservative thought. They flow in the same direction; at times, however, they flow separately and, at best, they are parallel. A school of thought is now quietly growing in America, of men who became Conservatives because they found out how much of our totalitarian perils are due to our faulty, pragmatic, and democratic illusions; a school of thought that, spurred by contemporary experience, has been learning from the past. There are, also, other Conservatives, relying almost exclusively upon the past. To this school Algernon Cecil belonged, and he shared this kind of Toryism with other Englishmen, notably with two eminent historians: Sir Charles Petrie and Keith Feiling. These Conservatives have searched for their roots nobly, if, at times, inconsistently, far back in English history; they are, generally, Stuart sympathizers, bitter (but never sour) Francophobes, Hispano-, and, at times, Germanophiles.

Of these present-day Jacobites Algernon Cecil proved perhaps least consistent. For he was not a great historian; but he was a profound thinker. And, like every great thinker, he had his prejudices, some of which were haughty and lofty, and some rather crotchety. He shows his Francophobia throughout this book, and his bitterness is sometimes astonishing. "France became a great danger to us in 1940," he writes in a note, "when, after drawing our Army across the Channel, she made terms with the enemy." This is very unfair. "The utter bewilderment of British statesmen at this juncture is shown by Mr. Churchill's proposal that France and England should unite their Governments. Mercifully the French had no disposition for any such adventure." Mercifully! This is very unwise. The world, the prospects of the unity of Christendom and of Europe would all look much better today, had a Franco-British Union been in existence for the last decade.

A hundred years after the event one may question whether British determination to thwart Russia in the Crimean War was a mistake, as Algernon Cecil holds; and it is strange to see him, a liberty-loving Tory, and Catholic, prove a strong critic of Polish independence and a defender of the Tsarist Russian Empire. It is strange that he does not understand what Austro-Hungarian "Trialism" really meant; it is strange that he accuses Palmerston of having insulted Austria "by condoning an assault upon General Haynau in London." General Haynau has been called, no doubt exaggeratedly, the Hyena of Brescia; but then he had had executed, no doubt very cruelly, scores of Italian and Hungarian patriots. Algernon Cecil is critical of that great Conservative critic, George Saintsbury; and his prejudices reach a point where he makes himself forget the first name of the Tory professor. Such eccentricities prevail throughout his gallery of Prime Ministerial sketches, for I venture to say that it is inconsistent, for a Conservative, to chastise Joseph Chamberlain for what he had done to English Conservatism around 1900 and, on the other hand, to admire and excuse Neville; or to chastise Palmerston, while admiring Peel. And, reading very closely, I claim to detect that his praise of Disraeli is, to some extent, a reluctant one; it comes only from what proved so evident from the retrospect of history, and this subconscious reluctance is, again, curious, from the pen of a Tory critic who, on the other hand, bends over backward to succor the repute of Gladstone. I am inclined to think that, had Algernon Cecil been a contemporary, he would have, because of the latter's unorthodox appearance, sincerely mistrusted Disraeli for long, long years. Even now, he calls his a "baffling character and career." "Baffling," however, is not an aristocratic word. "Baffling" reflects provincial uncertainty, and a Puritanical lack of generousness; the suspicions of Colonel Blimp but not the chivalry of Newman.

But these faults have been evi-

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dent before. Cecil wrote an excellent biography of Metternich, in 1933, at a time when the qualities and principles of that great Austrian and Catholic were in singular disrepute throughout the Western world. Then, too, Cecil made mistakes; but they did not really diminish his personal virtues. The writings of the now dead, courageous Algernon Cecil remain great assets and repositories of Conservative Thought. As Edward Crankshaw wrote, they "offer a recension of the critical progress from aristocratic to democratic government." *Imperium et Libertas!* Cecil wrote of Disraeli, "the association was free of the vulgar error generally accepted a century later, despite Lecky's effort to check its growth, that democracy and liberty meant the same thing." And he closes with his study of Salisbury:

> a study in fact to liberate oneself from many fond and foolish illusions about the nature of man and of society; to set prudence once more among the cardinal virtues; and to define justice, after the manner of the Platonic Socrates, as a minding of one's own business. This definition, and the Dantesque verdict that "tis love that makes the world go round" mean, according to the Duchess to Alice, "much of the same thing." Lewis Carroll is one of my earliest memories of [Salisbury's] Hatfield. I wonder whether he ever discussed with his host the Duchess's identification of these two fragments of political science. It is a matter which cuts very near the root of mortal things, and should engage the attention of everyone who dares to meddle with political issues.

It should have, indeed, engaged the attention of those tweedy Marxists among us, who staffed and ran whole university departments a decade ago falsely claiming to be "liberals"; and it should engage the attention of those among us who now claim to be "progressive conservatives" while their minds rest on the most radical and, indeed, revolutionary premises about liberty and human nature ever complacently accepted by mankind.

Hope for the West

FIRE IN THE ASHES. By Theodore H. White. Sloane. $5.

HAROLD C. HINTON

ONE of the ablest of American foreign correspondents has just published a book ranking at least on a par with his earlier masterpiece *Thunder Out of China,* which laid bare the pathology of Nationalist China three years before its collapse. Mr. White brings to his new book a keen mind, an excellent education, and a vigorous literary style. He has obviously devoted enormous time and care to the task of assembling and digesting a vast mass of material bearing on the major nations of Western Europe and the two superpowers under whose shadow they live. The result, apart from minor defects, should prove convincing and acceptable to all but the invincibly prejudiced.

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son who has considered the problem, Mr. White believes that the nations of Western Europe must hang together if they are not to hang separately. He therefore devotes what is probably the most brilliant section of his brilliant book to an analysis of the various movements toward European integration which have sprung up since the war. These, he insists, are not a panacea; the best they can do is to perform the very important function of giving Europe an opportunity to save itself.

The best single chapter in the book, in my opinion, is the one on NATO. It is recommended equally to optimists and to pessimists. The main achievement of NATO to date, and it is an important one, is conveyed in the statement that "the Russians could not now take us, as they could have in 1948, with the garrison they man in Eastern Germany. If the Russians should wish to attack they must mobilize all the forces of the homeland for their effort." NATO still suffers from serious deficiences in airpower, in flexibility, and in supply, but on the whole Mr. White paints an encouraging picture of its achievements. Two factors he finds especially hopeful: Western atomic superiority, and the political unrest which in case of war would almost certainly harass the Russians in Eastern Europe.

It is on this note that Mr. White opens, in still another chapter, his searching analysis of the Communist menace. He makes the point, often made but also often ignored, that Communism has a strong appeal for the downtrodden of all lands. The pace of economic expansion in postwar Russia has been swifter than in any other part of the world, and although the Soviet economy still lags far behind that of the United States it may hope in time to outstrip us. It is possible that by about 1970 living standards in the Soviet Union will have reached a level approximating those of Western Europe. Mr. White fears that the power of this example, combined with the disruptive effects of the possible dumping of Soviet surpluses on the world market, may achieve by economic attraction what Soviet arms cannot accomplish—the bolshevization of Western Europe.

I believe that in this respect Mr. White is too pessimistic. There is more of the spiritual and less of the economic than he indicates in the dissatisfaction with modern Western institutions which produces so many Communist votes in Western European elections. If, after half a century of Soviet control, Russia succeeds in achieving at colossal human cost a standard of living on a par with that of Western Europe, I doubt whether that accomplishment in itself will carry the appeal which Mr. White anticipates.

What Western Europe has not yet succeeded in learning from us, Mr. White suggests, is the enterprising spirit which has begotten the tremendous material progress made by the United States in the past fifty years. The men who might be expected to be most apt at communicating this spirit to foreigners, our diplomatic representatives, have become almost useless for the task—"a Foreign Service of eunuchs." He denounces, as might be expected, the impact of Senator McCarthy upon the Foreign Service, but he also makes an equally important point which is usually overlooked: "Most of the Foreign Service officers I have known have been honest, competent people in whom has been rooted a conservatism of instinct so deep and so unyielding that their chief weakness as an instrument of the American purpose has been a stodginess and lack of imagination the very opposite of the radicalism falsely imputed to them." The paralysis of the Foreign Service and the growing interference of Congress are the two characteristics of the conduct of American foreign policy to which Mr. White points with the greatest alarm.

What of the goals of that policy? Briefly, Mr. White proposes the bolstering of European unity, the neutralization of Germany through some reasonable bargain with Russia, the prevention of depression at home or abroad, the encouragement of international trade, the wooing of neutralist elements in Europe and elsewhere, the achievement of a settlement in Korea and Indochina (by partition if necessary), and the avoidance of an armed clash with Russia.

A book of such vast scope, even when conceived and executed as brilliantly as this one, inevitably raises some doubts. For instance, Mr. White pays rather too little attention to the various positive spiritual and social movements—Christian Democracy, for example—which have swept Europe since the war. His preoccupation with questions of political, economic, and military power leads him to emphasize the three powerful nations of Western Europe—Britain, France, and Germany—to the virtual exclusion of the others. But these minor criticisms are not intended as detraction from a magnificent performance. Mr. White has written the best book of its kind I have ever read, and I hope that others are as grateful to him as I am.

A Man Renowned for Justice

CHINA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: The Journals of Matthew Ricci. Translated by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J. Random House $7.50.

By JULIE BEDIER

THE tourist or explorer, however observant and precise in reporting, is bound to give only first impressions and hearsay accounts. But the missioner, who goes into a far country, there to make his home, to become one with its people, to live and die—from his written accounts we can expect an authentic and considered commentary on land, people, customs and culture. Such a commentary has now been made available to us by Father Louis Gallagher, a modern Jesuit, who has made an English translation of the journals of another member of the Society of Jesus, Father Matthew Ricci.

Matthew Ricci was born in Ancona (Italy) in 1552. During his lifetime Mary Tudor and Elizabeth

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I sat on the throne of England; the battle of Lepanto was fought and won; Saint Ignatius Loyola died; Saint Teresa of Avila reformed Carmel and established many houses of contemplatives. Spaniards and Portuguese explored and colonized much of South America and Mexico. The Pilgrim Fathers had not set foot on Plymouth Rock, but Jamestown was settled three years before Father Ricci's death. Of many of these happenings Father Ricci, an extremely intelligent and learned man, no doubt had some knowledge even during the years when he was immersed in his mission work in the Far East.

The first successful Christian mission in China was founded by Father Matthew Ricci, years after the death of Xavier. He made his way openly into a country which was completely closed to outsiders. The Chinese were hostile to foreigners, and extremely suspicious of them. In spite of difficulties, setbacks and disappointments, Father Ricci lived in China for nearly thirty years. He established four mission houses in various cities, staffing them with priests and lay-brothers of the Society of Jesus. His latter years were spent in the capital, Peking, where the Chinese government provided him with a house and money for his support. He was even welcome at the king's palace. How was the impossible accomplished? Aside from God's providence, and the great mental gifts, learning and virtue of Father Ricci, it seems to have been done largely by means of clocks and watches.

Early in the volume we are treated to a definition of a watch—"an instrument for measuring the hours by means of an adjusted series of little metal wheels." The Portuguese merchants and traders who trafficked on the borders and coasts of China were very generous with the Jesuits, so that Father Ricci obtained among other valuables a number of clocks and watches. These were somewhat of a novelty in Europe, and in China each one was a marvelous object for which the Chinese magistrates soon acquired a passion. The way to China's heart was paved with clocks; fancy ones, with little bells that rang the hours "by themselves" and captivated Father Ricci's Chinese friends.

Ricci spent years learning the Chinese language well. He could read, write, talk, and quote the classics with the greatest of China's literati. Equipped with much of the scientific and literary learning of Europe in his day, he was able to interest his hearers in the culture of the West, and eventually in the wisdom and truth of Christianity.

Matthew Ricci was interested first of all in men and their souls—in the humblest and most illiterate as well as in magistrates. Time and again his work was brought to ruin through malice and villainy, but he began all over again, building solidly and well. When he died in Peking in 1610 he was buried in a tomb donated by the king. The Mayor of the city had a tablet placed on the tomb, with the inscription "To one who attained renown for justice, and wrote illustrious books."

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The Life and Times of Honest Harold

THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES: The First Thousand Days, 1933-1936. Simon & Schuster. $6.

By JOHN COURNOS

WHY do people write diaries? Presumably, "to get it out of their systems." When a public man, however, writes a diary of approximately six million words, while serving his country, it is to be assumed that he expects to have it published some day, especially if it happens to contain frank revelations about contemporaries of interest to historians. Harold L. Ickes appears to have had an excellent precedent in the many-volumed Diary of John Quincy Adams, who, in recording the sometimes interesting, the too often tedious, goings-on in the Washington of his day, took pot-shots at his contemporaries, sometimes out of honest indignation, but often out of sheer rancor.

Adam's private Diary, however, was not published until about a century after his death, when the distinguished men against whom he fulminated, so often unfairly, could no longer agitate themselves over the author's private opinions. We note with interest in the present volume that Jane D. Ickes, in her preface, quite frankly states that this volume and those to follow "do not represent the journals in their entirety," and that there are parts which "will have to wait until the death of many living persons" for their publication. This runs somewhat counter to the publishers' note that the sections of Harold L. Ickes' diary published here "are exactly as they were written by him, with no changes or editing."

Even as the Diary stands, however, several living persons do not escape the invective of Ickes' indignant pen. Eleanor Roosevelt, for one, comes in for not a little criticism, presumably for what he considered her often inept meddling in affairs of state. Not that Ickes disliked her personally, but he resented bitterly her "perniciously active" efforts in matters of patronage, and her lavish disbursal of public funds in his PWA projects. In his own words, "Mrs. Roosevelt has interfered all along the line." He sarcastically adds, "of course with the best of intentions."

Ickes' aggressive frankness gave rise to the term, "Honest Harold," which, he confesses, made him squirm. It is fair to say he was no less aggressively frank in his sympathies. He liked Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Their conferences are described at great length. He liked many others, too. For the most part, the Diary is a tedious recital of political backbiting, of conflicts over prerogatives, of friction between factions and personalities, of pressure of work. Much of it is of interest to historians, but little of it would interest the average reader.

Tracing An Idea in History

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF LIBERALISM. By Thomas P. Neill. Bruce. $5.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IN the opening sentence of *The Rise and Decline of Liberalism* Thomas P. Neill quotes Max Lerner's observation that Liberalism is "perhaps the most disputed term of our generation." The very making of this statement argues the necessity for this book.

In *The Rise and Decline of Liberalism,* Professor Neill has confined his study to nineteenth century Liberalism, and here there is little room for controversy. In a subsequent volume he intends to treat the far more complex problem of twentieth century Liberalism, and the full value of his work waits upon this sequel. Yet, if *The Rise and Decline of Liberalism* is not a startling book, it is a solid and well documented one, a careful consideration of Liberalism's history in the nineteenth century—a history which must be studied before we can understand Liberalism's fate in the twentieth. A considerable lit-

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erature has already grown up on this subject, of course, and Professor Neill makes expert use of it. He cites Laski's Marxist classic, the Papal analyses, Max Weber's studies on religion and capitalism, and many other works, with a fine discrimination.

From such a study a definite concept of nineteenth century Liberalism emerges. It varied from country to country—continental Liberalism, for example, was anticlerical; English and American Liberalism was not—but it had a fairly well defined corpus of theory and practice. It was the ideology of the middle class triumph over feudalism, and it was thus inextricably tied into the rise of modern capitalism and, at least tangentially, related to Protestantism.

Yet such a description implies a mechanistic view of Liberalism, and this Professor Neill is rightly at pains to avoid. He analyzes the rich philosophical movement which was part of the Liberal triumph—the atomistic and the rationalist axioms which fell before scientific theory and modern positivism. This theoretical aspect of Liberalism probably went to its greatest extreme in the United States where a Justice of the United States Supreme Court was compelled to point out that the philosophy of Herbert Spencer was not part of the Constitution.

By the end of the nineteenth century, however, the conditions which had given rise to Liberalism no longer existed. Feudalism was long since destroyed. The question was no longer one of protecting the rights of property against the State, but rather of protecting the individual against the gigantic corporations which property had become. Professor Neill therefore continues his study through the transition of Classical Liberalism into Welfare Liberalism, especially in England. His book ends with the question of contemporary liberalism introduced, but no more.

If such a treatment as this holds no surprises and partakes more of the nature of a well-thought-out review of available sources than of a pioneer work, it is still necessary as a preliminary to the greater task of clarifying the semantic fog which has descended upon definitions of twentieth century liberalism. On a few minor points—a simplification of the Laski book, a tendency to over-idealize feudalism—I would be critical. But on the whole, I think this is a substantial contribution to the literature on Liberalism. I would especially recommend it to those who delight in taking the word "Liberal" out of a mid-nineteenth century syllabus or a Leonine encyclical and waving it like a red flag.

REVIEWERS

John A. Lukacs' book *The Great Powers and Eastern Europe* has recently been published.

Harold C. Hinton is a member of the political science department at Georgetown.

Julie Bedier is a member of the Maryknoll community of Dominican sisters.

John Cournos is a New York critic and anthologist.

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